

Notes on Conversation with [REDACTED]

I spoke with [REDACTED] on Wednesday, March 13, 2002 at St. Charles Borromeo Parish, North Hollywood. Doctor Thomas Olona, Assistance Minister of the Archdiocese, was present for the concluding portion of the interview.

These notes are a summary of the content of the interview and make no attempt to be a verbatim record. In his description of the events, however, I have tried to reflect [REDACTED] own words in the first person in a fully accurate manner.

[REDACTED]  
Home: [REDACTED]  
Work: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] began by indicating that he has a good life, is grateful for his Catholic upbringing and intends to be sure his own children have Catholic schooling in the future. He is not seeking counseling, although appreciates our offer. He is not planning to go to the media. He was angry when Father Pecharich claimed that he had only transgressed boundaries with one person. [REDACTED] is a good friend of [REDACTED]. He wanted to emphasize that [REDACTED] is a man of the highest integrity. [REDACTED] wanted to emphasize that [REDACTED] story is true because something similar happened between Fr. Pecharich and [REDACTED]. He indicated that Father Pecharich is a "good man who needs help," but who should never be around kids in ministry.

I asked [REDACTED] to describe any behavior of Fr. Pecharich that concerned him. He replied:

I was in St. Bridget of Sweden School [Van Nuys, California] for grades six through eight. I was an altar boy during that time. I remember vividly being in the sacristy and Father Mike would come over to "check how the vestments fit." What would happen is that his hand would end up inside my underwear on the bare skin of my butt. I remember his hand on my flesh. I also remember his breath. While touch, he would lean over, loom over, and I remember the smell of his breath on my face and the feel of it on my neck. This happened multiple times off and on over the three years I was in sixth, seventh and eighth grades. When it happened, I always felt strange, a red flag went up that left me uncomfortable, but he was our priest and I never told anyone about it.

Father Pecharich also gave us altar wine to drink while in the sacristy. He'd pour some wine into a cup and let the servers drink some.

Over the last twenty-five years, occasionally the memory of this came to mind. I do not feel the need for any counseling, but I was incensed when I saw in the news that Father Pecharich denied anything more than one incident. There are several other of my friends, three more for sure, who had similar experiences. I have talked to them and suggested they come forward to tell their stories. So far they are unwilling to do so. [*Auditor's note: I gave [REDACTED] several copies of my card to give to his friends and asked that he encourage them to come forward.*]

I wanted to come forward to validate [REDACTED] story and I want to make sure that you know Father Pecharich lied, and want to be sure he does not deal with kids again.

[*Note: I asked several other questions to ascertain if there were any other examples of boundary crossing in Father Pecharich's contacts with [REDACTED]. He indicated that for him, the only time anything happened was over those three years in the sacristy. He did add that once as a sixth grader at the picnic tables, he heard some eighth graders call Fr. Pecharich a "pervert."*]

[REDACTED] was grateful for the opportunity to talk. He promised to be in touch if he recalled anything else. He indicated he was comfortable with us forwarding his name and contact information to the police.

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Msgr. Craig A. Cox, J.C.D.  
Auditor

13 March 2002

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Rev. Msgr. Craig Cox  
Vicar for Clergy



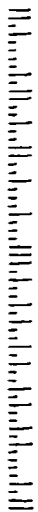
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